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KEEPING TAVERN BELOW, OR, 'SQUIRE BALL AND HIS CUSTOMERS.

In the town of Kinsington, in the State of ———, there was a small tavern keeper by the name of Ball. He was an easy, well-to-do sort of a man, who had a great longing to be rich. He had not always been a publican, but when he started in life he was a farmer; and still he kept his farm, and raised most of the matters from it which he wanted for family use. As this farming brought him in very little ready money, he took it into his head to try some other way of adding to his income.

He lived on the Corners, near the meeting-house, and while the store, and the blacksmith-shop, and the post-office, and a dozen other establishments, were right there, they had no tavern. Mr. Ball was tempted to hang out a sign and to add the alluring words, "Entertainment for man and beast," which were common on tavern signs up in that part of the country, signifying that sober people and drunkards could both be accommodated there. He thought there was no harm in selling rum, especially as he was a member of the church, kept his Bible in his bar, and often talked to his customers of the blessedness of religion, and the value of the hope of heaven which he had indulged ever since he was a boy. It was 'Squire Ball's custom, for he was a justice of the peace, and therefore called the 'Squire

by everybody, it was his custom, I say, to close his bar-room at ten o'clock every night, unless the run of custom at the bar made it expedient to dispense with the custom; but on ordinary occasions he was wont to shut up at ten, and when all were gone, he would take his Bible and read a chapter, and then he would kneel down and pray with so loud a voice that he could be heard by the neighbors for a considerable distance around; so that he was sure they all knew that he was a praying man. He got a name for this, and as it was known that he prayed in the bar-room where he sold his rum, it was reasonable to infer that the 'Squire was a very conscientious man in his business. Certainly he would not pray in his bar-room, and so loud, too, unless he feared God, and meant to keep his commandments.

One night there was quite an affray in the 'Squire's bar-room. Some of his customers were more than usually excited. Two of them were so drunk that he put them out of the house, and when they sought to return, he drove them off with a horse-whip. And those who were not quite so drunk, were even more turbulent. They finally proceeded from loud words to fighting, and one of them was beaten so badly that they were obliged to carry him home helpless and bleeding. It was

nearly midnight before the room was clear, and the landlord had more thirst for liquor than for the Bible or prayer, when the house was still. He would have gone off to bed as soon as he had locked up, but the force of habit is as strong sometimes in good as in evil, and he could not be easy at heart if he should neglect his chapter and his prayer. So he took down the book, and opening at random, he read the chapter which contains these words, "NO DRUNKARD shall inherit the kingdom of God." They seemed to glisten as he read them, those words did. What did they mean? He began to think over the drunkards whom he had known, and who had died. He called up the names of his customers; he began to grow confused in his memory, and, to help himself on in the work he had undertaken, he took down his book of Dr. and Cr., in which he had for years kept a running account with his neighbors. There were many who had once stood at his bar, and now they were in eternity. They had died drunkards! And the Bible told him they had not gone to heaven—they must be in hell! He looked over the list, and asked himself, "*Was this man a drunkard? And this man?*" And then Mr. Ball would try to recollect how they looked the last time they were at his bar, and one after another they would come back to his memory, and when they came they would stay; and soon a whole group of them were there; a horrid group! dead drunkards! for he had seen them all dead; and now, when they rose to his view, they seemed to come from the grave and from hell, and they laughed fiercely, and swore terribly, and roared as if they were beasts let loose. They wanted something to drink, and would have it; and when the 'Squire remonstrated with them, and told them they had been drinking already, and that he never sold liquor to men after they had had enough, they leaped into the bar and helped themselves, and one of them leaped astride the shoulders of the landlord, and another threw the Bible at his head; and altogether, they made an uproar like that which had marked the early part of the evening, until the 'Squire rose up in wrath, and ordered them to quit the house. Instantly they rushed upon him like so many devils, and seized him in their arms, and asked him, as they bore him away, *How he would like to keep tavern in Hell?*

Before he had time to recover himself, or, indeed, to get his breath so as to be able to speak, he felt himself flying through the air,

as on the fiery wings of fiends; and then, down, down, he sank with his bar-room company, till at last, after an hour of rapid travel downwards, he was suddenly pitched into a world of darkness, so black that he could feel it. And, strangely enough, he could see that this dark world was inhabited, for the people were like so many flames moving madly amid the dismal gloom; and he could hear chains rattling as the people crowded along, so that he soon was convinced that he was in the world of despair. Here he was to keep tavern.

The old customers who had brought him, had been sent as a committee to find the right sort of a man to keep tavern in hell; for they had often declared that there was no man doing so good a business as 'Squire Ball, or who had so many qualifications for the high honor of being the landlord for the hosts of the Prince of darkness.

He was instantly and duly installed in office, and commenced dealing out spirits to the spirits in prison. But his surprise was great, and his confusion truly pitiable, when he recognised in almost every customer that came to his bar the faces he had known in Kinsington, and all of them his neighbors and their families.

"Ha! 'Squire, is that you?" said a fierce-looking wretch, as he came up for a drink; "*When did you come?*" The 'Squire perceived in the new-comer a man to whom he had sold liquor for fifteen years, and who had died a drunkard in the poor-house. He was a sober, decent, industrious man, when the landlord of Kinsington first tempted him to taste a dram, and his progress in the downward road had been sure and rapid from that day.

Next came a female fury, a lost woman, a wild spirit, who flew at him as she entered his infernal tavern, and reproached him as the cause of her ruin, and that of her family. "But for you," said she in a shrill, clear voice, that pierced his ear like a knife, "but for you and I might have been an angel in heaven, and now I am a devil in hell. You made my husband a drunkard, and you made me a drunkard, and now we are both of us here!" The 'Squire was speechless. What could he say? His face blazed red with shame; and he tried in vain to make some words of excuse for himself. At last, he thought of his Bible, and he gathered courage to say, "Didn't I often tell you that you must repent of your sins, or you could never go to heaven?"

"Yes, I know you did, and I have heard you praying half a mile off, but what good do you suppose the preaching or praying of a rum-seller would do? All you wanted was to get the money for your liquor, and it was nothing to you what became of the souls of your customers. But I'm glad you are here at last. I never wanted to see anybody here so much as you. Did you bring your Bible with you, 'Squire?"

"No," said he, "I came away in a great hurry. Indeed, I had no thought of coming at all, but was seized in a moment when I had no expectation of being summoned away, and was brought here against my will. I do not see why I was wanted here."

"Why you were wanted? You were wanted that you might see the fruit of your doings, the end of your labors; and that you might *feel* the fires you have kindled for the souls you have destroyed. You have come to your own place, and you will know what it is to be an agent of the devil on the earth, and his slave in hell. I am glad you are here."

While this wretched woman was raving and cursing, a troop of spirits rushed into the infernal tavern, and whom should the astonished publican behold but the company who had been at his tavern at Kinsington, the night before; and among them, at their head, were the two whom he had driven away from his door, after they had become so drunk that he could bear them no longer! In they came, reeking with the fumes of the still, and raging with the madness of the pit; and as they entered they gave three cheers for the landlord, that made the whole region of darkness ring with horror. "Why, you are here before us," cried one of them. "Caught you, too," said another; and, "Served you right, old one," exclaimed a third. "This is the place for you and your business. You'll make money here, and get your pay in your own coin," said another; and so they went on jeering him till his wrath was kindled beyond measure, and he began to storm in reply. And then they laughed. "Why, you can't hurt us now. We have as good a right here as you, and if you wish to have it all to yourself, we only wish you could. But you sent us here, and now we must have your company." The 'Squire sank down with shame and remorse. He saw his own work. These were his victims. Once they were his neighbors, honest, industrious, upright men, until they began to fre-

quent his house, and then they grew worse and worse, till they became quarrelsome, noisy, profane Sabbath-breaking men, and now they were in hell, and he among them, where he deserved to be. Then the spirits of all the men whom he had murdered by selling them rum came thronging around him, and he wished that he was blind that he could not see them, or deaf that he could not hear them; but when he shut his eyes he could see them still, and he could hear them when his ears were stopped. It was terrible to the poor wretch, and he shrieked with agony, and as he shrieked he awoke.

And lo! it was a dream! He had read his chapter, and had knelt down in the bar-room to make his long, loud prayer, and had fallen asleep on his knees; the gin that he had drunk during the evening was too much for him, and his brain was excited. The verse he had read about *drunkards* had caught hold of his imagination, and away he had been borne to the regions of black despair. And now, as he awoke, the memory of his dream was all fresh and terrible. It was some time before he could persuade himself that it *was* a dream. He had been asleep perhaps an hour, and the scenes through which he had passed were impressed upon his mind indelibly. They were written there with a pen of fire. Though it had been a dream, it was truth that he had seen and heard, and he knew that the lesson was for his warning and counsel.

The landlord took his lamp, now burning dimly, and finding his way from the bar-room to his bed-room, went to bed, but not to sleep. There was no rest for him that night. He tossed upon his pillow, until his wife was awakened by his restlessness, and begged to know what was the matter. He told her the terrible dream that he had had in the bar-room, and confessed that he looked upon it as the voice of God, that had come to warn him to cease from the wicked work in which he was engaged, that of making drunkards, and shutting them out of the kingdom of God.

"I have told you a hundred times," said his wife, "that this business was a wicked one, and that I wished that you would give it up. It is an awful thing to think of, that we are killing our neighbors and sending them down to hell. Let us shut up the tavern, and do something else to make a living. For my part, I would rather starve than live by making drunkards."

"And I have thought it must be a bad busi-

ness that does no good, and certainly leads many to poverty, and, if there is any truth in my dream, that leads them to hell. I have half a mind to take down the sign, and never sell another drop of liquor."

"Do, Ball, do give it up. Here's the farm, we can get a living off from that; and I'll work my fingers off, if you will only quit the bar."

After some further deliberation of this sort, it was mutually agreed that there should be no more tavern-keeping in their house, and this resolution having been once taken, the landlord and his wife went to sleep, and slept till a very late hour in the morning.

And when the sun was up, and the 'Squire stirred himself around the house, he waited quietly for his breakfast, summoned his family to worship, which he had seldom found time to do before, and stepped into the bar-room to

get his Bible. But just as he entered, he heard a loud knocking at the door.

"I say, 'Squire, are you sick to-day? Why don't you open the door?"

The landlord raised a window, and throwing open the shutter, put his head out and said; "We are not sick exactly, but we are sick of selling rum. This tavern does not go any more."

The disappointed customer was frightened. "Why, Squire, you're crazy," he ventured to say.

"Not so crazy as you think," said the landlord. "I learned a lesson last night, and have come to the conclusion that making drunkards is no business for me, and I have given it up for good."

And so he did. He took down his sign that day, and saved his own soul from any further guilt in the souls of his fellow-men.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

BY JULIAN CRAMER.

In the ripe fullness of her youthful bloom,
Ere sorrow yet had marred her sunny brow,
She hath gone down to slumber in the tomb,
And hearts that loved her well are aching now.
The daughter and the sister we deplore,
Shall glad us with her gentle ways no more.

No more on earth—no more! Her spirit dwelle
Where sorrow comes not like a constant foe:
In that blest region perfect bliss dispels
The doubts and darkness of this world of woe.
God takes her to himself! Fond mother, weep!
But let thy tears this consolation reap.

She was a priceless jewel in thy view—
She was deep buried in thy faithful breast;
God saw her lofty powers, and loved her, too,
And called her early to her home of rest.
She hath escaped a thousand ills that wait
On every year of life's unblest estate.

Then weep no more;—a few short years at most,
And God shall call thee to rejoin her there:
Around thy couch shall wait an angel host,
Thy ransomed spirit to her side to bear,—
And she—oh let it dry thy tearful eyes—
Shall be the first to greet thee from the skies!

WHERE THE SHOE PINCHES.

FROM THE GERMAN OF W. ALEXIS.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

SOME years ago General ——— was appointed Governor of D———. He was an upright man, and very strict in his principles. Bred to the army from his youth upward, he had imbibed a love of military order and punctuality, and was in the habit of applying these to matters of every-day life.

Now, although the Governor was a man of high consideration and influence, yet the highest have their troubles; *no one knows where his neighbor's shoe pinches*, as the proverb says. And this was literally true with him.

One day, his friend, the colonel of the regiment, stationed in D——— who enjoyed his utmost confidence, asked him how he was pleased with the place; the latter answered: "Better than I could expect," yet an expression of dissatisfaction seemed to pass across his face; his friend observed it, and ventured to ask the cause. The Governor smiled.

"Dear sir, you are right," he said. "It is merely an unpleasant trifle that vexes me, but you know that trifles often affect us more than great misfortunes. See there," he here pointed to his foot, "everything is to be found in this large city except a good shoemaker. A man of business must, above all things, see that he is comfortable about his feet; when the shoe pinches, labor lags."

The colonel mentioned the name of the most celebrated shoemaker of the place.

"I have dismissed him long ago. He made me very neat and fashionable boots, but I could not take ten steps in them."

His friend now named several shoemakers of reputation, who worked for a number of gentlemen of his acquaintance. The Governor shook his head. He had tried the most of them, and had been more or less dissatisfied with them all.

"They are all wanting in that accuracy which I require. Each one assures me when he takes my measure, that he knows and understands all about it, and that his work will surpass my expectations. Such fellows do not please me. Every foot must be treated in its own way; it has its weaknesses and peculiarities. A strange workman cannot discover all these at the first glance. He should study and

examine. That is what I like, that is what I must have indeed. When they bring their boots then, which are made after their lasts, but not after my feet, they shake their heads, and I can see by their looks, though they do not say so, that they think the fault lies in my feet and not in their work. I like modest mechanics, who are willing to listen and attend to directions. A coat, like a shoe, must be fitted to the body, not the body to the coat; therefore a skilful shoemaker should first study his customer's foot."

The colonel replied. "If your Excellency does not care about the name and reputation of a shoemaker, I think I can recommend one to you, with whom you will certainly be satisfied. He is a modest man, and just such a one as I think will suit you. He has worked for me for years: I am confident of his skill and industry, and take great pleasure in recommending him to your Excellency, which I can do conscientiously; but the city will stare to see the Governor employ a shoemaker who lives in an alley."

"The city has nothing to do with my feet, and no concern with my boots," replied the Governor smiling. "Have the goodness to send the man to me. But one thing more. I am a little peculiar in my dealings with the people whom I employ. I like those only who are men of their word. He who is not punctual is not the man for me, be he ever so skilful. If I cannot depend upon your protégé to the very day and hour, you may spare me the pleasure of his acquaintance."

"I can answer for him in that respect also," replied the colonel. "He is poor, and without work, and is therefore compelled to be punctual, on his own account."

"If he is the man I want, his poverty shall be helped," said the Governor. "But I hope that I shall not then be obliged to dismiss him, for I desire punctuality from principle, not from necessity."

"When your Excellency has seen the man, you will be convinced that I have not spoken too highly of him."

"Looks and words are deceptive; actions alone prove the man; but I shall be glad if I find more than I expect."

The shoemaker came to the Governor. He was a small, timid, quiet man, who scarcely ventured to open his mouth. But his answers pleased the Governor. He spoke only of the business upon which he had come; listened to what his employer said without interrupting him, and attended particularly to all his directions.

"You understand me. Do you think now that you can make the boots to please me?"

"Yes, your Excellency, I hope you will be satisfied with them."

"When will they be finished? Consider carefully."

The shoemaker reflected. "I think the boots will be done by Monday."

"You must not think, you must *know*. If you understand your trade, you ought to be able to name the day and hour when they will be finished."

"Monday afternoon, your Excellency."

"The afternoon is long. At what hour? Choose your own time, I don't wish to hurry you with them, but then they must be here at the stroke of the clock."

"They shall be here, your Excellency, at four o'clock Monday afternoon."

"Monday, then, at four in the afternoon. You understand me? If you are here punctually, and if your work pleases me, you shall be well paid for it. But if the boots are not here at the hour, our bargain is at an end. I will not listen to excuses. I deal with those only who are prompt. You understand me?"

The shoemaker folded up his measure, bowed respectfully, and took his leave.

In the evening the Governor said to his friend: "The man, I think, will suit me."

Monday came, and with the stroke of the clock, the shoemaker stood at the Governor's door with the boots in his hand. He had kept his word; his work was good, exactly according to directions, and the Governor, for the first time, had a pair of boots to his liking. This seems but a trifle, but as trifles often cause us the most vexation, so trifles oftentimes put us in the best humor. The Governor walked up and down the chamber, and at every step with more comfort. His face cleared up, and he nodded pleasantly to the shoemaker.

It is said of one of Napoleon's famous generals that he clasped a dentist about the neck, when the latter had relieved him from an aching tooth, and this circumstance freed the city in which the dentist lived from a heavy contribution and harsh treatment, if not from being plun-

dered. The Governor did not clasp the shoemaker about the neck; that would not have been becoming; but he clapped him upon the shoulder.

"You are a good workman," he said, "and if you continue to prove so, it shall be to your advantage. For the present you must make me three pair of boots exactly like these. Do you understand me? And you must bring them with the same punctuality—that is the first condition. When can I have them? Consider."

"If your Excellency wishes it, in a week," said the delighted shoemaker.

"I wish nothing as to the time, but that you should be punctual to what you promise. Be careful. Three pair of boots—that will take time. Can you finish them in a week?"

"The days are now long. If I rise early—oh, yes, I will finish them—by that time the boots shall be ready."

"At four in the afternoon?"

"If your Excellency pleases, I will be here at that hour."

The Governor nodded, and the shoemaker took his leave.

"Your protégé pleases me," said the Governor to his friend, "but he must still stand the test."

"I am sure he will not fail," replied his friend, smiling. "I never recommend people who are not to be depended upon."

The week passed. Monday came. The city clock struck four. The shoemaker had not yet appeared. There were several clocks in the city, and clocks differ in their time. The Governor drew his watch from his pocket. The last clock had struck four, and no bell was heard, no shoemaker made his appearance. He sent a servant to see if he were near, and if he had perhaps mistaken the house. But no shoemaker was to be seen. "Can it be that I am deceived in him?" thought the Governor. "But it is hardly possible that a man who has no apprentice, could finish three pair in a week, however industriously he might work. He will be here to-morrow. It would have been better if he had come to me beforehand, and asked for more time. Still he cannot be called a man of his word."

Tuesday came. All the clocks had struck four, and no shoemaker made his appearance. Wednesday—and still no shoemaker. The Governor would have sent to his house, but he did not know where it was, neither did he know his name, and his friend was in the country.

On Saturday the Governor beckoned to his friend, who was passing in the street.

"A fine recommendation that of yours, my dear sir! You have sent me a man to be depended upon, indeed! Day after to-morrow will be a week beyond the time, and your favorite has not yet made his appearance."

His friend listened to these words with astonishment, nay, almost with incredulity.

"You need not excuse him. The business is now at an end. He is like all the rest. There is no dependence to be placed upon any of them. The money which he received has probably enticed him to drink, and while he was once about it, he has drunk up the amount due for those to be made; but he has reckoned without his host."

"Your Excellency, the man never drinks; he is one of the most sober and industrious men in the city."

"It may be so, but he has not kept his word, and it is that which vexes me, for I hoped that I had at last found one who would prove to be a man of his word."

"Your Excellency is angry, and with reason. I must confess that my protégé's behavior is inexplicable, since for the many years that I have known him, I have found him in every respect a most conscientious and punctual man. I was going to say that he might be sick perhaps, but I remember, I saw him yesterday in the street. I observed that he avoided me. There is one supposition, however, which, if confirmed, though it would not justify the man in your eyes perhaps, yet would at least excuse him."

"What can excuse a man who does not keep his word?"

"The absolute impossibility of keeping it. The man is poor; he has no credit with the leather-dealers. I used at times to advance him something wherewith to buy the materials for my boots. Your Excellency has ordered three pair—that is a case which probably never happened to him in his life before."

"Then he should have come, and have told me of it. I would have advanced what was necessary. Good workmen must be encouraged."

His friend smiled. "Your Excellency is but little acquainted with the man. It cost me some trouble to induce the timid fellow to set his foot over the Governor's threshold. He was afraid of being turned away, and perhaps ill-treated. He has a great fear of 'grand folks,' as he calls them. Imagine now his hesitation,

he, a poor cobbler, to apply to the Governor for a loan to buy his leather with. I believe he would jump into the water before he would do it."

"If that is the case, matters may yet be arranged," said the Governor, and he requested his friend to send the shoemaker to him.

The case was exactly as the latter suspected. The poor cobbler stood shrinking timidly in the corner, while the Governor questioned him, and received perfect confirmation of his friend's supposition.

"Why did you not come and tell me so?"

"Your excellency, I could never have ventured to do that."

"What were you afraid of?"

"Of offending your Excellency."

"Have I ever treated any one harshly who came to ask a favor of me?"

"No, your Excellency, but—"

"Who in my house has treated you so as to justify this fear?"

"Me! No one, your Excellency. But we know that with great folks it is out of place."

"Enough," said the Governor, interrupting him. "It is in place for every one, whether rich or poor, to keep his word, and if he cannot, to confess it openly and honestly, and not render himself liable to suspicion by his silence. Why have you not made known your wants to some one?"

"I knew of no one who would help me."

"You should apply to your acquaintance, and hire a shop in a better part of the city."

"For that credit is necessary."

"Is there no one who would lend you?"

"No one, your Excellency."

"But if any one should lend you, would you be able to set up a business that would support you, and pay the interest of the loan?"

"I could indeed. But your Excellency, a stock of leather is necessary before all things."

"Reckon up how much you need. Do you understand me? not for my boots, but for your business. But reckon accurately."

The shoemaker counted upon his fingers. "Your Excellency, leather is dear at present. To provide myself with a good supply, so that I can have some always on hand, and not be obliged to run to the stores whenever I have to make a pair of shoes, it would take at least thirty-five dollars, and with the sole leather—it would come to fifty."

The Governor went to his writing desk, and took out two bank notes, each of fifty dollars. He gave them to the astonished shoemaker.

"You say no one will give you credit. I will. Commence your business, be industrious and orderly, and you shall not find me a hard creditor. Now, when can I have my boots?"

"Sir . . . your Excellency!" stammered the shoemaker. "I . . . this is too much . . . I do not know."

"What! you do not know when you can finish three pair of boots?"

"Ah, your Excellency, if you command it—no, not if you command it—in a week certainly—and earlier."

"Not an hour earlier than four o'clock on Monday afternoon. But if you do not keep your word this time—"

"A hundred dollars! your excellency. Ah, my goodness, if I do not keep my word, I do not deserve to be called an honest man."

"One thing more," cried the Governor. "Can you be secret? I hope so. For if you utter a single word about this business, I have done with you. You shall pay me back the hundred dollars to the last penny, and shall have no more credit with me."

The shoemaker promised to be secret, and took his leave.

The week went by and Monday likewise. It struck four from all the clocks in the city. The shoemaker did not come. The day passed. The Governor was greatly out of humor, and said to his friend who came to visit him in the evening, "We have both been deceived. He does not deserve to be called an honest man."

His friend did not answer when the Governor told him what had happened. Appearances were too much against his protégé. They gazed at each other with vexation. "Let us console ourselves," said the Governor. "After all it is better to be deceived in this way, by taking a rogue for an honest man, than an honest man for a rogue."

The servant now announced a messenger from the police office. "It is about a shoemaker who has been arrested," was whispered about the room after the Governor had withdrawn.

In a few moments he returned with an altered mien. He drew his friend aside. "We were not deceived," he said. "He is an honest man, and well deserves the name."

The poor shoemaker had gone with his hundred dollars in his pocket to the dealer's, where he was accustomed to purchase his little supply of leather. He asked him to show him his stock, that he might select what he wanted from it. The rich leather dealer looked on in wonder as he saw the poor man examine, shake

his head, now lay aside a piece here, and now reject one there. He still asked to see other samples, although usually he was accustomed to take such as the seller offered him. At last he had collected quite a heap, and begged the leather dealer to reckon how much it would amount to.

The dealer looked at him very gravely, and said, "My good sir, we have been acquainted for years. You are honest, but poor. I am comfortably off, but I am so only because I have been honest and prudent, and it is a part of prudence to give credit to no one beyond his means. You well know that thus far I have never trusted you for more leather than was sufficient to make a pair of boots or so, and thus matters must remain between us."

"Suppose I do not want the leather on credit, but mean to pay for it in ready money?"

"Prove that you can do so before I send it to your shop."

The shoemaker thrust his hand proudly into his pocket, and reached the leather dealer a bank note. "Perhaps that will prove it."

The seller gazed at the paper in astonishment, and held it against the light.

"Is it genuine?" asked the shoemaker.

"Yes, it is genuine," answered the dealer in a drawling tone. "I should like to compare this with another note." He opened his desk, but as if he bethought himself, shut it to again and said, "Perhaps you have another of the same kind?"

The shoemaker took the second note from his breast-pocket. It was with a feeling of pride that he said, "Here is another one; compare them."

But the dealer did not appear to care about comparing them. A disagreeable, suspicious smile lurked about his mouth, as he laid the two notes upon the table, and asked the shoemaker, "Have you any more such notes?"

"No, I have no more," replied the other in surprise.

"These two are enough," said the leather dealer, as he laid his hand upon the notes. "And now I must ask you how you obtained them."

The shoemaker started backward in confusion. When he had recovered himself, he said, "You have always known me to be an honest man."

"Until now, my friend. But every man's honesty has its limits, and a merchant is bound to know his customers. It is true that I know you are honest, but I also know that you are

poor. I hardly remember the time when you have been able to pay in advance for the leather for a single pair of boots. I have always had to wait until your customers paid you. How is it that you have all at once come by this large sum? I hope, and I am willing to believe, that it was honestly obtained, but unless you tell me, we cannot conclude a bargain."

"I cannot tell you, positively I cannot."

"Reflect," said the dealer gravely. "I mean well by you, and I should be sorry if you refuse to tell me."

"I cannot, Herr Schmidt. Give me the notes again. I must buy my leather elsewhere."

"Stop!" said the dealer. "You shall neither receive the notes back, nor will I let you stir from the shop, until you have explained to me how you came by this hundred dollars. If you will not speak I shall send for a police officer."

The shoemaker turned pale. "A police officer! Good heavens! and for what? Who gives you the right—I may have obtained the notes in a hundred ways. And where is the law which requires me when I purchase anything to tell the merchant how I came by the money?"

The leather dealer nodded to his clerk, who understood him, and hurried out of the store.

"I am sorry for you," he said to the shoemaker, who, pale and trembling, stood leaning against the counter, "and I still hope that I may be mistaken, although your silence and agitation speak but too plainly against you. Sir, I have known you these fifteen years. I know how you are obliged to shift along, I know that you often have not a penny in your pocket, and now two notes of fifty dollars each. Have you found them, earned them, or acquired them by inheritance? Why did you start when I asked you where they came from? Why did you not answer? What in the world can tie your tongue, when the question is whether you are a thief or an honest man? That alone would give me the right to have you arrested. But there is more. There—if you have not yet read it, read it now."

He gave him a newspaper, and watched his features as he read. The shoemaker changed color, and with a trembling hand laid the paper upon the counter. "My dear sir, in truth I am not the man. That would be dreadful!"

The dealer shrugged his shoulders, and declared that he must leave the rest to the police. The officer came. The poor shoemaker was the picture of despair. A great robbery had been published in the paper. Among other

valuables two notes of fifty dollars each had been stolen the night before.

The police officer did not doubt for a moment that it was his duty to arrest the shoemaker. Still there was something in the manner and in the eye of the man that spoke in his favor. The dealer himself was moved.

"Is the money yours?" said the officer quickly.

"Yes . . . no."

"It is not yours. Where did you get it then?"

"I borrowed it," stammered the poor man.

"Of whom?"

"I cannot tell."

There was but one course for an officer of the police to take under these circumstances. He arrested the shoemaker, and carried him to prison. The leather dealer had a heart that was softer than the material he dealt in. He ran after the officer, and said there might be some mistake in the matter. As long as he had known the shoemaker, he had never had the least suspicion against him. But what could the officer do. "You yourself have made the complaint," he said; "you have mentioned circumstances enough to justify his arrest. What is to be done then? Try once more if you cannot make him speak."

It was in vain—the shoemaker wrung his hands and cried, "If you tear the heart from my body, I cannot tell you."

The terrors of a prison are doubly terrible to an honest man. The officers are not accustomed to deal with such. Shut up with vagrants and thieves, he persisted in his refusal to explain in what manner he had obtained the notes. The police court examined the evidence against him, and resolved to put him on his trial. One of their number alone made objections. "We know nothing ill of the man," he said. "In his neighborhood he is reputed to be a quiet, modest mechanic; in searching his apartment nothing was found that could excite suspicion. Besides this, and it is the most singular part of the whole affair, the leather dealer who entered the complaint, has called upon me to beg that I would be forbearing and easy in the case; he is convinced, he says, that the shoemaker is an honest man. Let us first examine him in private. Perhaps he will explain matters."

But all the efforts of the magistrate failed. The shoemaker stood like a rock; he was assailed with questions and with threats, but he would confess nothing. On the contrary, he retracted what had escaped him at first, namely,

that the money was not his, but another's, and that he had only borrowed it, for the poor man believed that he had already broken his promise by admitting even this. When the magistrate who had spoken in his favor saw his anguish, and found that all his questions and cross-questions were of no avail, he became more and more convinced of his innocence, and he regretted that there was no means of saving him from the disgrace of a public trial. Suddenly he addressed him :

"My good fellow, you cannot and may not tell, then, how you came by the notes?"

"No, sir, I have passed my word that I would not."

"Very well; a man should keep his word. I will not press you any further. But do you know no one who might perhaps speak in your behalf?"

"Who would do that? No one knows me."

"Was there no one present when you received the money who can testify that you came by it honestly? Reflect a moment, there must be some one in the city who can give evidence to this effect."

The shoemaker started up. The magistrate glanced upon him earnestly and kindly.

"Yes, there is one who knows all about it. He could testify for me, if I only knew that he would permit me to mention his name."

"Why he surely would not prefer that you should be sent to the State-prison. Who is it?"

"His Excellency the Governor."

The astonishment of the magistrate may be imagined as he heard this. His colleagues thought that the shoemaker was seeking for new evasions. For how could an indigent cobbler, who worked only for the poorer classes, have dealings with the first man in the city? But the magistrate was of a different opinion, and had hopes for the poor man. He at once sent an officer to the Governor to inquire whether his Excellency knew anything of the

said shoemaker, and whether he could say that he had obtained the notes honestly.

The officer was one of the number who thought this message superfluous and unbecoming. But what was his surprise, when the Governor, immediately upon his appearance, and without saying a word—for a word from him would have been enough—went to his writing desk, wrote a few lines on a sheet of paper, and gave them to the officer. The writing was as follows—

"I hereby testify upon my word of honor, that the shoemaker N. N. obtained the two notes honestly. Signed —"

The officer would scarcely trust his eyes, for this was more than even the shoemaker himself had expected. The latter was, of course, at once dismissed, but all were now curious to learn how the matter really stood. But the shoemaker, greatly affected as he was, remained as silent as before. A message now came from the Governor, requesting him to come at once to his house.

The shoemaker's heart beat violently, for he thought to himself, "I have broken my word, I have not brought him the boots, and I know what sort of a man he is."

But the Governor met him at the door, looked full in his face, and said, but without the least anger :

"You have kept your word, although you still owe me the boots. You are a man to my taste, and the hundred dollars that I lent you are your own. But upon one condition. You are not to say a word about it to any one."

"Not even if they should shut me up in prison again," cried the delighted shoemaker.

And he has kept his word. The shoemaker has never breathed a syllable of the matter. Whether the Governor or his friend has done so, we cannot say, but the story is true from beginning to end, and I do not know whether it does the most honor to the shoemaker or to the Governor.

THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

BY E. G. WHEELER, M.D.

SYSTEMATIC name, *Gentiana Crinita*: Class V., *Pentandria*: Order II., *Digynia*: Natural Order, *Gentianæ*.

Generic Character. Calyx monophyllous, divided, inferior, four or five-cleft: Corol monopetalous, bell-form with a tubular base, limb divided, equal, its lobes of the same number as those of the calyx, with an imbricated, twisted aestivation: Stamens inserted on the corol, equal in number to its segments and alternated with them: Stigmas two, sub-sessile: Capsule one-celled, oblong.

Specific Character. Stem terete; branches long, one-flowered; Leaves opposite, entire, without stipules, sessile, or having their petioles confluent in a little sheath, lanceolate, acute. Corol four-cleft, divisions obovate, gash-ciliate. Blossoms blue, terminal and axillary, rarely expanded very widely. Blossoms in September and October. Plant twelve to eighteen inches in height.

Geography. The Gentian, in some of its species, may be found in almost all parts of the world, from the margin of perpetual snow upon the mountains of Europe, to the scorching sands of India and South America. We have frequently seen and admired the Fringed Gentian in Hampden and Middlesex counties, in Massachusetts. It also grows in the vicinity of Amherst College.

Properties. The whole genus of *Gentiana* is characterized by intense bitterness. The bitter principle resides in its stems and roots, and renders them tonic, stomachic, and febrifugal. The *Gentiana lutea* is the species principally employed, and is totally devoid of astringency. Combined with astringents, it cures intermittents. It acts as an antiseptic on dead animal matter. Externally it is applied with great benefit to putrid ulcers. The root, notwithstanding its bitterness, contains a large proportion of sugar, and is, on this account, sometimes manufactured into brandy, for which purpose it was, at one time, a valuable article of the commerce of Switzerland.

Remarks. *Gentiana* is named after Gentius,

King of Illyria, who, according to Pliny, was the discoverer of its tonic qualities. *Crinita* (*crinitus*) hairy, alludes to the delicate, eyelash-like appendages of the petals. The whole genus as noted for its beautiful flowers, of which some are blue, some yellow, and some purple. The Fringed Gentian must be considered as a favorite by any who may have contemplated its claims upon their favor. It visits us at a season when most other flowers have passed away,—it seems to fold itself up with quiet humility, retiring modesty, and child-like simplicity,—meekly bending to the northern blast, yet seeming to smite amidst the autumnal gloom. The Rev. Dr. Cheever makes mention of these flowers in a communication he made, while among the Waldenses, and refers to Coleridge's famous poem, entitled, "Hymn before Sunrise, in the Vale of Chamouny." In a prefixed note this great poet says—

"Besides the Rivers Arve and Arveiron, which have their sources in the foot of Mont Blanc, five conspicuous torrents rush down its sides, and within a few paces of the Glaciers, the *Gentiana Major* grows in immense numbers, with its flowers of loveliest blue."

We here insert a short extract from this "Hymn:"

"Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopp'd at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the Gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the
sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living
flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome
voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like
sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
 Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
 Ye eagles, play-mates of the mountain-storm!
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
 Ye signs and wonders of the element!
 Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!"

Sentiment. The soft, gentle slumbers of Purity.

This delicate little flower, folding its soft blue petals so modestly together, seems a fit emblem of the sweet, undisturbed repose of a harmless infant, or of "the pure in heart."

"Emblem of purest light on earth!
 In whom the beautiful has birth,
 That with a silent power commands
 The stern and sinful of all lands;
 Type of the sainted and divine!
 That first on Eden's bowers did shine
 With the young morning of that day,
 So soon to pass in clouds away!
 Sweet purity and love—sleep on—
 Not yet, not yet has glory from the dim earth
 gone!"

REMINISCENCES.

THE deep attachment almost every one cherishes for the home of their childhood, mingled, it must be confessed, with somewhat of curiosity to see how bravely others bore the changes of life, induced me some time since to visit the home of my youth. Time had left his seal upon my own forehead, and powdered my chestnut locks, but the tokens of his remembrance had been bestowed so gradually, that I half forgot that others perhaps might have shared in the general distribution. I fancied my home as of old. The stream that ran in front of our dwelling, absence had cheated memory to consent to call a broad river. The trees that lent their cooling shade in summer, were larger, and flung deeper, longer shadows, than the tallest oak of the eastern forests. The street that "cornered at the meeting-house," was straighter by half than Broadway, and lined with houses so white, with blinds so green—that one would be disposed to conclude these the only colors ever seen by our village painter. Such was my remembrance of the place itself, except, as I supposed, the freshness of the paint might have become somewhat worn. I even fancied I should see the same rude boys at ball on the common, and girls with books in hand, clubbing to form some scene of frolic, to which the nouns masculine were sure to be invited. Fancy pictured a rosy face, whose smiles I used to be selfish enough to appropriate, and whose saddened expression when I bade her farewell, I had never been able to forget; and though it make me less a man to confess it, I foolishly planned a ride down hill, on my

fancy-painted sled, as of old, for the self-same sweet flower, as my day's travel brought me nearer to the spot so dearly cherished. I had spent the day in the indulging of a thousand dreams, and building of castles light as air. It was nearly dusk as we entered the old town, but as we drove to the door of the only house, whose sign had creaked from time immemorial, there was enough of daylight left to convince me that the rough hand of the old traveller, Time, had defaced many of the, to me, perfections of earth. As we alighted, I gave my hand to a brawny fellow, who came to take my baggage, saluting him as "Joe Miller," the best ball-catcher of our village.

"My name isn't Joe," said he, "it's Sam; but I reckon I don't know ye."

"Forgotten so soon," said I, "don't you remember Bill French?"

"Guess I don't, but perhaps father does."

At that moment, a man well stricken in years came up, and with a hearty shake, assured me that he was the "Joe Miller" of old, and the lad I had accosted, his youngest son.

One after another came forward and claimed acquaintance, but memory was so tenacious of the entries on her ledger, that differences constantly arose, forbidding all hope of anything like an equitable settlement. The developments of the evening partially prepared me for the realities of daylight. I say partially, for the whole truth broke over me like the soft blending of light, as they spread deeper and broader over the face of a new born day. The noble river I had so often crossed as a feat of daring, was but a brook, the

veriest child might dare to wade. The old trees, whose arms were stretched out to welcome the toil-spent player on the village green, had dwindled to mere stunted shrubs, beneath whose foliage the sheep even would scorn to brouse. The straight road, lined by palaces of memory, had doubled its corners, and even the old meeting-house, with its square pews, and leaf-like seats, had shrunk in its dimensions at least one-half. The hill we were forced to climb on our road to the temple of science, had shared in the general metamorphosis, and was but a gentle elevation that served to break the uniformity of the scenery. The school-house had been rebuilt, and not even a vestige of its old architecture remained. I looked in vain for the old hiding-places, and the loopholes, the busy jack-knives of Yankee juveniles had made, for the convenient purpose of watching the teacher, while bolder rogues carried on their plans for mischief. But they had passed away.

"Not a trace remained
Of all I had loved or left behind."

The old Dominie, whose rod I feared more than ever Roman feared the curse of Nero, had long since yielded himself to a sterner master, and reposed in silence beneath the sod of the valley. In visiting his quiet resting-place, the old habit of treading lightly in his presence returned, and I almost held my breath, lest my rude approach should wake the senseless clay, to respond as of old—"Take care, boys!—There's too much noise at the right."

The holy man, whose sacred teachings, enforced by a godly example, had led many in paths of righteousness, reposed beside his affectionate companion, in a remote corner of the church-yard. The hands of a grateful people had strewn their graves with flowers, while a yew drooped its graceful foliage, as if in sorrow that one so pure and good should have passed away. From such mementoes of human nothingness, I turned away to converse with the living. Many whom I had known as merry boys and chubby-faced girls, were now the fathers and mothers of the village. The gay-heartedness of childhood had departed, but the mantle of their youth had fallen on their children's children. Young images of what the parents had been, were frolicking on every side, and tempted me to conclude I was a sharer in Hæfel's dream. My removal from the village was at so early an age, and my pursuits in life had been so absorbing, that, as

I said before, I was altogether unprepared for the revelations that were made on every hand. The staid matrons in caps, I was loath to believe, were the self-same girls I had gallanted in my premature manhood, and claimed as a reward for my pains a kiss at the garden-gate. The temptation to repeat the freedom passed away, as I gazed on their fallow faces and their bloodless lips. As one after another extended the hand of welcome, it was done with so much formality, that I was forced to pause for a moment to determine whether or no I was mistaken in my own identity but the mirrors that adorned their dwellings, assured me, the boy had only transformed to the man. I could not reconcile myself to the fact that I had shared in the general change; it was all in others: while they, in turn, were as much surprised at my lack of old characteristics and peculiarities. As I passed from house to house, I failed not in the wish that I might somewhere recognise the fair face, which had been the brightest vision in my dreams, through years of absence, and whose companionship I longed to renew. I dared not ask, as a foreboding of the worst now and then crept over me. A faint, undefinable something, whispered of the old transition, from the fire-side to the tomb. At length, as the time of my sojourn drew near its close, I went once more to the resting-place of the departed, fearing lest the name I could not speak would be found enrolled on the cold slab, that tells passers-by that another passenger is booked for the skies. In the centre of the yard, I found what I had feared—Mary, my Mary. She, whose memory I had so treasured, that my lips dared not speak her name, had fallen asleep long before, in the calmness and serenity of a spirit at peace with its Maker. Perhaps, like myself, she had loved in silence, and departed in the humble hope that the heart, whose love she coveted, would eventually pour forth its affections at her grave, and spiritually united by unwitting, yet permanent bonds, would partake with her of the felicities of a higher and holier existence. Vain as such consolation may appear, my spirit drank it in, as water from the wells of everlasting life, and I bent my ways with an eye more single, and a faith more fervent. For me the charm of existence was broken. I had labored long years for earthly good, that all my treasures might be poured out at the feet of my idol. "That idol was shattered, my day-star fled," and I had only the golden casket in

which I dared hope to enshrine my jewel. I turned from the home of my youth, sick at heart, weary of the pursuits of life, and earnestly longing to lay myself down in the unbroken repose of the departed. I turned away, but the melancholy reflections excited, by my

lone communings at the grave of my hopes, were displaced, by a calm determination, to wait patiently the days of my appointed time till my change come.

A. A. G.

Troy, N. Y., 1845.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

BY REV. S. D. BURCHARD.

THE education of woman is a theme fruitful of thought. It has awakened the energies of the most gifted minds, and we have volumes upon this interesting subject. And yet, it should be constantly held up before the public eye, and urged upon the consideration in the popular periodicals of the day, that woman may understand her true social position, and be prepared for her destination. All admit that she should be well educated, but to the question—*what constitutes a good education*, various and conflicting have been the answers. The lady who can sing well, play well, *dance* well, has, in the estimation of some, "already attained," and reached the acme of all female accomplishments. But this, to say the least, is a very partial and imperfect view of the subject. Others err in the opposite extreme, and are disposed to regard any attention to external grace of form or movement as frivolous and absurd. Thus, amid these conflicting views and opinions, the education of females too often lacks symmetry, and consequently the character, strength and beauty. Education, to be perfect and symmetrical, must regard woman in the threefold light, as possessing a body, an intellect, and a heart. Let each receive a due proportion of care and culture, let each be properly educated, and woman will occupy her true and elevated sphere. She will be, what her Creator designed her to be, the ornament, the companion, the glory of man.

In briefly analysing the idea of a good education, it may be suggested that it should be *physical*.

By physical education is meant a due attention to the body; an acquaintance with its laws, its structure, its economy, and its use.

It is "fearfully and wonderfully made," and is eminently adapted to be the mind's instrument and companion, during this brief hour of privilege and probation. It is not the mind itself, it is inferior and subordinate; not the jewel, but its casket, the residence of the inner and immortal self. As such, it demands the utmost care. A large proportion of the happiness of life is made dependent upon the body. The mind's resources, its knowledge, its acquaintance with the external world, are acquired through its various avenues. The eye has been given, beautiful in its structure, to take in the looks of loving friends, and the bright scenes of the green earth, and the bending heavens; the ear to drink in the tones and voices of this living world; super-added is a system of appetites, which, when wisely regulated and gratified, under certain restrictions, are made to thrill with delight. The body, holding such relations, is not to be overlooked in the great process and privilege of education. The laws which regulate its movements, and which tend to develop its strength and beauty, must be thoroughly studied, and scrupulously obeyed. Whatever weakens its energies, or cripples any of its powers, must be carefully avoided. Fashion will meet the young adventurer, as she sallies out into the world, and read homilies upon female etiquette and politeness. She will bid her wear this cestus, walk thus, use this cosmetic, attend that midnight assembly; but what is the result of compliance? Too often a premature loss of the rosy hue of health and beauty, sickness, and an early grave. Fashion is not unfrequently a cruel tyrant, that enters the social circle, where all is purity and peace, and deaf to all the remonstrances

of an enlightened judgment, she works ruin to her votaries, like some evil spirit, who knows no pity, and feels no relenting. Let the lady who would be true to her best interests rise above the edicts of fashion, and obey the laws of her higher nature, treating her body as the shrine of her redeemed and immortal spirit.

But education to be perfect should be *intellectual*. Intellectual education relates to the culture of the mind, to the better part of our nature, which survives the burden and bondage of its lower life. A few years, and the living tide sweeping along these streets, chafed and vexed, shall be but as a spent wave along the shores of the everlasting future. But the intellectual life is not thus transient, passing, and perishable; and it is this which demands especial culture and care. And how much nobler to strive after intellectual attainments than it is to fritter away the blessed and beautiful spring-time of life, in attentions confined *exclusively* to the body! It is infinitely more important that the spiritual dweller *within* should be noble, majestic, polished, and refined, than that the building should be of the most graceful and beautiful proportions. And need it be said that youth is the best period to discipline and elevate every power of the mind, to correct the judgment, to invigorate the memory, to rein in the discursive fancy, that so, beauty and strength, ease and energy, may become the true features, the *real characteristics* of the inner life. Probationary life is a school, and its chief concern should be to read the great book of its teaching, to listen to the oracles of wisdom and instruction, as uttered from the firmament and landscape. Every object, interest, and event of life, may be made a teacher. Earth, with its teeming wonders; the heavens, with their glittering hosts, silent, sublime, and sweeping through the vast abysses of space; the ocean, deep-sounding, and awe-inspiring in calm or storm; the billowy tides of vegetable life; the living countenances of friends lit up with the heart's best sunshine; the varied scenes of joy and sorrow, of trial and transport; *all these* utter a meaning and a voice, and all are life's stern teachers. Nor is this all.

The accumulated stores of ancient sages, the wonders of modern science, the philosophy of the human mind—its conscious workings among the materials of thought, carried in through the medium of the senses from with-

out—the great truths of religion, its consolations and uplifting motives, *these all* speak from their high seats, from their *awful* eminences; and when heard and *heeded*, the mind and its powers are developed, and fitted for right action, and a right life. The means of improvement, of high mental culture, are accessible to all. None are frowned away from the temple of science, from the great cathedral of open nature. The path to female eminence may be trodden by every plebeian foot. Hannah More enjoyed, in early life, no extraordinary advantages of birth, education, or fortune; but industry and application gave her an intellectual elevation and grandeur, which will secure to her an honored and enviable immortality.

But female education, to be entire and complete, must be *moral and religious*. The great danger of a failure is at this point. The mind creates a stimulus and motive for its own cultivation. The body has a tongue to plead its own cause, and any violation of its laws is usually followed with immediate infliction. But the moral nature is perverted, and deaf and dead to its truest interests. It is the culture and training of the moral nature, which demand the most unslumbering vigilance; for it is this which gives to man his god-like sublimity, and allies him to all that is beautiful, truthful and unchanging, in this or in any other world. It is this, that makes him morally beautiful or deformed, an object of interest and solicitude to all the pure on earth or in heaven. This, too, is the nature that can alone be permanently perverted or abused. Injuries inflicted on the body are limited to the body's narrow sphere. But any abuse or neglect of the moral nature is followed with pains and penalties of the most solemn and permanent character. The thoughts, actions, passions, affections and emotions, make up the moral history—the mysterious and chequered web, which every pulse of life is weaving. Such is the nature of the moral constitution. Every thought, feeling, and emotion, are fixed on the soul, as by an invisible daguerreotype, and that, too, for ever. Of how much importance is it then, that the actions, thoughts, and feelings, should be right, sincere, proper; above all, that the affections, in all their freshness and warmth, should be trained to the love and practice of truth and virtue! Is not that education fundamentally defective, which overlooks the moral and immortal nature? A lady is but poorly fitted for the great duties,

trials and responsibilities of life, whose heart has never been under the influence of sacred teaching. She may possess other qualifications. Nature may have lavished much on her person—her beauty may throw a magical charm over many—princes and conquerors may bow, with admiration, at the shrine of her riches—the sons of science and poetry, may embalm her memory in history and song; yet without a cheerful and hopeful piety, she is liable to become the victim of passion, or a prey to envy and remorse. Beauty is as fad-

ing as the bloom of an exotic flower, blown under the chilling influence of the northern breeze—riches are uncertain—every external accomplishment will wither and fade; but piety is a permanent treasure, and she, who possesses it, is prepared for every duty, and every trial of life. She will live to bless her race, and when the evening shadows of life drop around her, soft and noiseless, as the footfall of angel bands, she will have a solace and support, which will illustrate both the power and preciousness of her piety.

THE MOTHER OF ROYES.

BY E. A. COMSTOCK.

In one of those clefts of the mountains called valleys in Switzerland nestled the village of Royes, the largest in the Tyrol. High above it tower beetling crags, some snow-capped, and others clothed with dwarf pines to the summit. The milk white cataract of Olive plunges headlong into a fearful abyss near by, on the brink of which the graceful chamois loves to linger, and gaze with steady eye far down to its lowest depths. Ascending one of the highest crags, the eye has a fine range over a fertile but somewhat wooded country, terminated in the distance by the lovely lake of Como.

The people of Royes are simple-minded, honest and hospitable. Loitering here longer than is usual with travellers, I became not only familiar with the romantic localities of the place, but with what was far more endearing, the noble traits of the people. In those humble cottages I have often recognised the true greatness and loveliness of my kind. I have witnessed there, instances of self-sacrifice, disinterestedness, and simple piety, before which the trumpeted virtues of the day would fade into nothingness. I was often grateful that this village did not lie on the regular travelling route, and had thus escaped an influx of visitors from the polished but demoralized cities.

In a cottage rather apart from the others, and built in the English style, with honeysuckle and clematis trailed around the bow windows, dwelt one of whom I cannot think without a swelling heart. On account of her peculiar

misfortunes, her devotion to her children, and her maternal tenderness to the sick and suffering, she was called, The Mother of Royes. Age had deprived her of much of her usefulness, and she now passed most of the day in one of the windows which commanded a view of the family burial-place, knitting those coarse, warm mittens and stockings so prized by the Alpine herdsmen. Her clean white cap and apron attested the kindness of a young neighbor, who, though much occupied, found time to perform many offices of friendship for the lone widow. The little garden and vegetable patch in front of the cottage was kept well weeded by a village lad, who smiled with joy when the mignonette and wild laurel unfolded their delicate blossoms to cheer the eye of her, who had patiently nursed him, a poor orphan, through a long sickness.

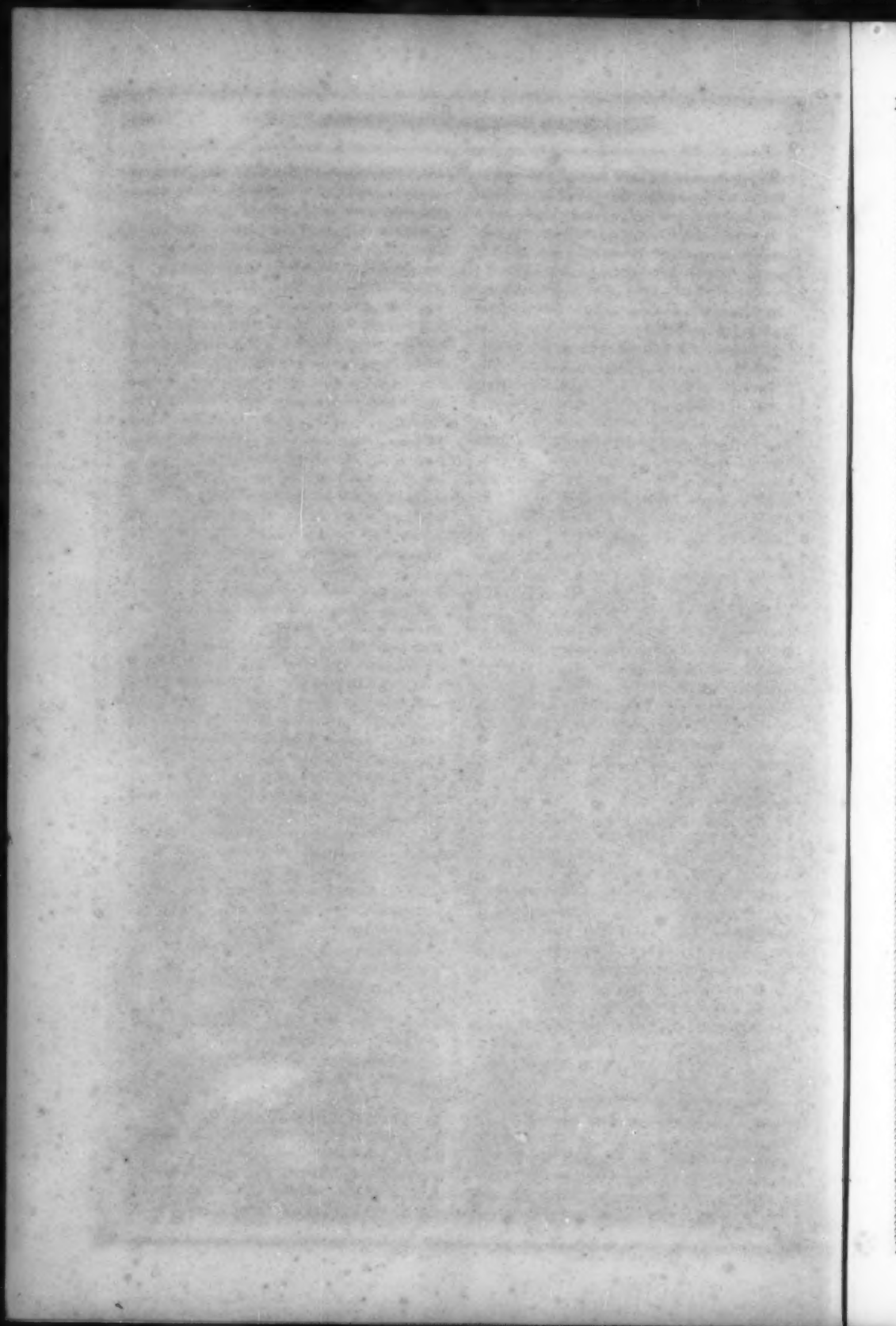
At sunset the open Bible by her side awaits the coming of the Curé's daughter, who daily reads aloud some portions of it to her aged friend. One fine day I joined the reading party, and after the book was closed, as we sat in the open door watching the last rays of the sun as they disappeared behind the opposite forest of pines, the excellent woman unburdened her heart to us, and gave us her simple, affecting history.

Born amid these mountain cliffs, she knew little of the world's guile, and bounded from crag to crag, light-hearted and agile as the graceful chamois she loved to imitate. Ar-



E.C. WHEELER & SONS, BOSTON, MASS.

Gentiana crinita.



rived to womanhood, she formed one of those early unions so common here. A neighbor's son who had grown up with her, took her to cheer his cottage, rendered desolate by the death of his mother. Fortune smiled upon them for a time, and children grew around them.

One cold winter evening, a stranger demanded shelter, and it was cheerfully granted. The young couple gave him their own apartment, and spreading a bed of chamois skins in the outer room, the mother lay down to rest, while Henrault counted the gains of the day, which were considerable. Their guest, who was a pedestrian traveller, awoke the latter at early dawn, and reminded him of his promise to guide him to the pass of Cleuses. Henrault sprang up, and calling his dog, followed the stranger. Day advanced, but Henrault returned not. His wife became anxious, and stationed her son at the foot of the cliff to watch for his father. At sunset her female friends gathered around her to soothe her agitation, while their husbands set out in search of their missing comrade. Night found a crowd of villagers at Henrault's cot, who were startled by the entrance of a band of the National police, who declared that they had traced a daring Austrian felon to this spot, and they gave a description of him. It was the guest of the night, and Henrault had gone alone with him into that solitary defile! His wife fainted, and the officers, with ejaculations of pity, hastened to the pass of Cleuses. Years rolled away, but no tidings of the lost one reached his wife. This mournful event was fresh in the memory of the villagers, when a company of hunters returned to Royes, bearing a rough bier of poles, on which were extended the skeletons of a man and a dog. They had been found in a deep ravine, and the clasp knife lying by the man, and the iron collar around the neck of the brute, identified Henrault and his faithful Wolf. The former had no doubt been murdered for his purse, by the stranger guest. An occurrence so rare in these innocent hamlets, struck terror to the hearts of the people, and Madame Henrault became an object of peculiar pity and attention. The remains of her husband were interred in a sunny sheltered spot amid the mountains, where three of his children already slept, and the peasant girls who often linger there, whisper, in low, mysterious tones, of shadowy forms of man and dog seen gliding at twilight around the cross that marks the spot called Henrault's bier.

Madame Henrault's habitual dependence on God enabled her to bear up under this terrible

blow, twice repeated, for the extinguishing of the lingering hope in her breast by the sad remains of her husband, caused as great a struggle as the first grief at his absence. She devoted herself to the two children spared to her, and they repaid her care by their gratitude and warm affection. The Curé had early observed flashes of genius in her son, and had taken him under his especial care, hoping to raise up in him another shepherd to the flock, whom death would soon deprive of himself. Christine, her daughter, was now sixteen, and inherited her mother's former vivacity and beauty. One of her pleasantest recreations was rearing and twining flowers around the graves of her father and infant sisters. It was while engaged in this fond duty, that she was accosted by the English traveller who influenced her future destiny. Struck by the beauty and picturesque appearance of Christine, and no less by her romance and loveliness of her employment, he entered into conversation with her, speaking her language with remarkable fluency. Christine, with some natural fear of a *stranger*, told him the story of her father's death, and then hastened homeward, followed by the traveller, who assisted her over the rough places with an air of politeness that embarrassed the simple mountain girl. Gustave and his mother shuddered when the stranger asked for shelter for the night, but they concealed their feelings and granted his request. The evening passed away most pleasantly. Unlike their former guest, he was communicative and deferential. He said he was the Hon. William — in search of romantic adventure, to vary the monotony of conventional life. He produced his passport in confirmation, and before the hour of rest arrived, Madame Henrault and her children wondered at their fears. The traveller spent most of the ensuing day in rambling among the cliffs with Gustave, but evening found him alone by the side of Christine, ready to assist her over the unequal road.

Again the cottage sheltered him, but Christine, at the request of her mother, walked no more to her father's grave. The stranger perceived her absence, and left Royes, but returned in a fortnight with a splendid fowling-piece for Gustave, and a locket for his sister, filled with Christine's and her parent's hair, which he had begged of her before his departure. Madame Henrault was touched by this attention, yet with maternal prudence, in the absence of the traveller during a chamois hunt, she sent Christine to pay a long promised visit to her aunt, who resid

ed among the Swiss Alps, some leagues from Royes. The traveller was evidently discomfited by this caution, but he soon after left Royes, leaving his memory engraved on the affections of its inhabitants. It was unfortunate in this instance that Christine had shared the fate of her sex in the Tyrol, and had been thought unworthy to learn the art of writing, for she would surely have informed her mother that the English traveller found the Swiss Alps as attractive as the Tyrolese. Unconscious of her mother's object in sending her away, she felt no alarm at seeing the traveller on the same footing at her aunt's as in her mother's house. Christine loved, and received the vows of the Englishman with modest joy. She returned to Royes with her lover, but her assurance of his honorable affection did not calm the disgust of the anxious mother.

She saw that, like many of his sex, he had rashly plighted his troth without asking himself how his relatives would view an alliance so unequal. She drew him aside, and pointed out the disadvantages to him of such an union. But he was firm, and declared that he had resolved to reside at Royes, which he considered the Paradise of earth. He was independent, and had determined to be guided by love alone. The mother sighed, and yielded her slow consent, and as soon as the cottage I have described was completed, she witnessed her daughter's marriage with the foreigner. William had planned out a line of conduct for himself as a resident at Royes. He was anxious to elevate the people without destroying that engaging simplicity which was their greatest charm. Under his care, Christine soon learned to write a beautiful hand, and to speak the English tongue with ease. But her husband, not content with *her* progress, established a school for girls in the village over which Gustave swayed the wand of authority. Passionately fond of music, and a proficient on the harp, he soon had the pleasure of seeing Christine's hands wandering over the strings, while her sweet voice added a charm to her playing. The fine organ that astonished the out of the way traveller at Royes, was erected by the English alien, who was revered as the benefactor of the place. On the birth of his son, William wrote to his friends, informing them for the first time of his marriage. He received a haughty letter of cold congratulation from his mother, whose affections were centred on his eldest son, now the head of the family. His only sister, Lady Flora, added a witty postscript, in which

she hoped the bride had no goitre, and that their child was not a cretin. William had till now lived among marble forms, possessed indeed of the beauty of Prometheus' statue without his having the power to give them warmth. For the first time he basked in the sunshine of warm, unsophisticated hearts, and remembered England only as a land without love. Eight years passed swiftly away, when an unwelcome guest darkened the cottage door step. A wild cousin of William's, tempted by Flora's account of her brother's eccentric life, determined to search him out of his present obscurity, and see the divinity who had banished country, home, and kindred, from his heart for her sake. William received the young roud with repugnance, but felt bound to open his doors to an own cousin. Sir Henry played with the children, scrutinized their innocent mother, and wondering at his cousin's taste, retired to rest, heartily weary of cataracts and cliffs. He soon rendered himself as obnoxious as his cousin was beloved. One day as Gustave stood by the foaming Arve, the insolent Baronet came to his side, and asked if it were true that his sister was really married to his cousin, adding a contemptuous epithet. Gustave, with sudden indignation, raised his frowning-piece as if to strike the insulting stranger, who, springing upon him, caught his arm, and the heavily loaded musket exploded, lodging its contents in the bosom of the noble Tyrolese. The mother saw her first born fall, but rigid as iron awaited his bearers. The lifeless youth, who long had been the pride of Royes, was laid on the couch he had left that morning with vigorous health and a buoyant heart. Sir Henry, dreading the vengeance of the mountaineers, had fled. Christine gave her mother the support she so much needed herself. It was long before the stricken widow could regain that calm composure which had taken the place of cheerfulness since Henrault's loss. As William left Gustave's grave, which had just closed above him, the peasants looked after him foreboding, and whispered, "Death follows the track of a stranger." Two weeks after the burial, William received a summons to his mother's deathbed. Her eldest son had gone before her, and his unwelcome title and honors had fallen upon William. Madame Henrault, judging of his mother's heart by her own, hastened his departure, and with her characteristic abrogation of self insisted upon Christine's accompanying him, for he might be long detained "Go with your husband," said she to

Christine, "he is your life, as Henrault was mine; but, Lord William, see that your English air does not nip my mountain flower."

It was a fearful struggle for the fond daughter; she entreated her mother to go with them.

"Not so," said the widow, "I shall not be alone, yonder lie the graves of my Henrault and Gustave."

At Geneva, Christine threw aside the picturesque costume of the Tyrol, and appeared in all respects like a lovely English girl; and there, leaning on the arm of the good Curé, her mother watched the rapidly diminishing barque that bore away her child.

Christine soon wrote to her mother, and her letter was full of astonishment at the new scenes that surrounded her. Her mother-in-law expired soon after their arrival, and expressed much satisfaction with her new daughter. Of Lady Flora, Christine did not speak; for, so far, she had treated her with a malignant hauteur that astonished the peasant girl, used only to looks of love. The beautiful but heartless Flora had been prepared to meet a very different being from Christine; and when she found no scope for satire, perceived enough for envy.

During the term of mourning, Lord William and his family resided at the manor at Penhurst, a beautiful estate that had been long in the family. As soon as the term was over, Lady Flora urged her brother to visit London. Although he tried to conceal it from himself, Lord William found England, with Christine, far pleasanter than the Tyrol. He reverted with pleasure to those happy days among the mountains, and placed his benevolent operations there, on an enduring basis; but in his own land—no longer the neglected, slighted younger brother, he found his peers in intellect, and before two years had passed, he dreaded returning to Royes, whose inhabitants, simple and affectionate as they were, were certainly destitute of those polished attributes with which the high-born Englishman had been accustomed. He knew that Christine's mother would never be tempted to leave the graves of her dear ones, but he held out the hope of frequent visits to her, and begged her to continue at the cottage, in the society of her married niece.

Though fondly attached to her children and husband, Christine often felt sad in London, and longed at least to return to the shades of Penhurst, but a return to Royes she dared not hope for.

On her presentation to the Queen, the lovely Tyrolean was the cynosure of all eyes,

and many were astonished at her serenity and ease, without knowing that it resulted from an ignorance of what she had to fear. The proud Flora was not appeased by the general admiration. She was fretted at what she called the assurance of the low-born peasant. The aristocratic widow of the late Lord ———, dismantled by the death of her husband of those honors to which she had been so long accustomed, was little prepared to meet any successor with equanimity, and was highly indignant at being forced to yield the *pas* to this Alpine herdsman, as she styled her. She and Lady Flora, who had hitherto tormented the late Lord with their quarrels, now clasped hands in amity over this new grievance.

At a large assembly to which Christine had been tempted, Lord William perceived that his wife was the object of much neglect, and contemptuous whisperings. Exasperated, he withdrew her into an inner apartment, where a bevy of dowagers were absorbed in a game of whist, and returned to the saloon to investigate the cause of this conduct, which, unhappily, had been perceived by its trembling victim. On his way, he met De Lormé, an Austrian *émigré*, much noted for his wealth and rank, and the prize for which Lady Flora strove with numerous rivals. He drew Lord William aside, and informed him that scandal whispered that he had not always been married to Christine. With a twirl of his whiskers and an angry shrug of his shoulders, he declared he knew it was all envy, and merely mentioned it to enable Lord William to crush the rumor ere it spread. Lord William thanked him, and without tracing the story to its true source, his sister and his brother's wife, he put an end to the tale; and Christine, unconscious why she had been insulted, became the sought-for companion of the highest in the land. Her husband, grateful to the Austrian, introduced him to his wife as one who had done him a great service. She received him with a shudder for which she could not account, and hastened to conceal her dislike with affability. Insinuating in the highest degree, and possessed of an inordinate good opinion of himself, he soon appeared to others to be on excellent terms with the graceful foreigner. The more Christine disliked him, the more she upbraided herself for such a feeling towards one who had rendered a service to her husband. She exerted herself to the utmost to please, and succeeded in raising hopes in the breast of the unprincipled foreigner. Accustomed to the license of French society, he doubted not that Christine was willing

to receive the homage of a new lover. Lord William, who had embarked in political life, was startled from his dream of peace by new rumors concerning his too amiable wife. Confiding in her with his whole heart, he doubted not that he should soon trample this snake in the dust, as easily as he did the other. He was mistaken. The innocent Christine, ignorant of the etiquette of society in all its minutæ, had overstepped, unwittingly, some unimportant conventional usage, which gave some coloring to the gossip of the envious fair ones who longed to grasp that coronet which Christine pined to cast from her tortured brow! Oh! for one draught of unpolluted mountain air, to cool its burning throbs! Heart-sick and home-sick, surrounded by heartless enemies, she had ardently wished to throw herself on the bosom of her husband, and entreat him to banish the Austrian, whose cool vanity was constantly annoying her; but the memory of the unknown obligation which had been the cause of their acquaintance, checked her. A terrible event relieved her of his presence. He was arrested by the Austrian government on the charge of murdering an English nobleman of great wealth, resident in Vienna, while in his employ as courier. The well-bred lacquey, who had imposed upon the *haut ton* of London, and balanced, with skilful coquetry, the claims of numerous high-born aspirants for his hand and supposed wealth, preserved his composure in this extremity, and with cool audacity confirmed the general rumor by assertions that forever disgraced the ill-fated Tyrolese. A tissue of crimes was now unravelled by his own confession, and Lord William was agonized to find that the viper he had introduced to his wife, was the murderer of her father.

There were some gentle hearts, such as always beat in the breast of a *true* woman, who despised and disbelieved the assertions of so dread a villain; but the attentions of these could not revive the mountain-flower. Her husband bore her back to the Tyrol. Her mother had been apprised of her coming, and stood in the cottage-door to meet her. As soon as Christine beheld her parent, she sprang from between her husband and son, and fell fainting on the bosom of her mother.

"Alas!" exclaimed the widow, "your English air has nipped my mountain-flower."

Who would have recognised, in that pale and wasted form, the light-hearted, robust Christine? They laid her on the sofa upon which she had once so proudly sat as the worshipped wife and mother. Her husband knelt by her side, and her light tresses were mingled with his dark locks as she wept on his shoulder. A gust of Autumn wind entered the apartment and swept the strings of her harp: they answered mournfully to its touch. Christine started from her husband's embrace, and fixing her soft, dark eyes on his tearful face, with a look of unutterable gratitude and affection, sank again on his shoulder, and expired.

She rests with her race, in the spot where first her noble husband met her. Not for one so lowly and so pure, the proud mausoleum at Penhurst, where lies more than one well-received but guilty heart.

Lord William sojourned, with his two children, five years near the grave of their broken-hearted mother; but public duty called him to his country; and, satisfied with the assurance of the generous people of Royes that the mother should be well cared-for, he bade adieu, for ever, to the peaceful hamlet. There the stripped and lonely widow still survives all that made life blessed to her, contented with her lot, and cheerfully awaiting the summons to join her united flock. She has also the sweet consolation of sometimes seeing her grandchildren, who are now surrounded by families of their own, and by their filial affection are soothing their father's pathway to the tomb, who has never forgotten his Christine, nor, to the chagrin of many, has replaced her loss by a second mate.

The mother was spared the anguish of knowing the whole history of her daughter's trials, which I have gathered from another source, but looks out upon her grave with a peaceful smile, and while a holy light illuminated her countenance, whispered low, as she finished her narrative—

"The English air blasted my flower, but it has revived and expanded into a more glorious beauty in the genial smile of Heaven."

THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

BY KATE.

THE bustling preparations of Saturday night were succeeded by as calm and quiet a Sabbath morning as ever dawned. "Holiness unto the Lord" seemed written on every door-post, as well as traced in living characters on the countenances of the faithful, who were wending their way to the courts of God's Earthly Temple. There is a touching beauty in the quiet gathering of a simple-hearted people to the place their fathers consecrated with prayers and tears, and to the looker-on there is much to call forth sympathy—if not a more holy feeling. The children of many prayers come up to fulfil the vows their parents assumed for them at the sacred altar, bringing with them, in turn, the olive plants about their own table. Such was the occasion of the early gathering, on the morning in question. The balmy breath of June was laden with the sweet perfumes of hill and vale. The forest lent its odors, and sent its thousand choristers to chant, at the offering up of its sweet-scented sacrifice. The smooth waters reflected back in living beauty the mellow colorings of the king of day. All was glorious without—peaceful within. Anon the loud notes of the organ joined its echoes with the tuneful choir, and the humble praises of pious hearts were borne on the early breeze, on and up, to the throne of the Most High. The hymn finished, the venerable pastor, drawing near the baptismal font, named upon each young suppliant, the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. The fervent *Amen* found a heartfelt response in many a bosom, as fancy travelled on, and pictured the future paths of these Lambs in the Saviour's fold. Memory too was there—and by its stern developments, made many a wandering heart pause, as it recalled its similar consecration. Strong prayers went up from that humble band that day, and doubtless found entrance to the ear of the Lord of Sabbath. The sacred ordinance ended, each went his way to ponder on what he had seen and heard, inwardly resolving henceforth to live a life of faith in the Son of God. Pure-hearted ministers found plague spots within, as they communed with their own souls, in the light of revelation; and noble-minded young men acknowledged themselves imperfect patterns of

moral dignity, as illustrated in the character of the "Man, Christ Jesus." The seed sown that day, gave promise of an abundant harvest. Years passed on. The children who had been offered in faith at the baptismal altar, in infancy, drew near to seal the vows then so unconsciously assumed. All save one were there. He, the pride of a fond father, the idol of a doting mother, where was he! Had the grave covered him, and was he numbered among those who early fell asleep? Ah, no! A bitterer pang than death inflicts, was felt by those who had carefully guarded his early years. His was a living death, a soul shrouded in the habiliments of the land of darkness. One by one, had his companions knelt at the altar for the sacred emblems of a Saviour's love. One by one, had they drunk of the fruit of the wine, believing in Him who hath promised to be in every trusting soul, a well of water springing up to everlasting life. Still he came not to fulfil the claims his parents had assumed. The mother wept in the very excess of agony. The father bowed his head, to hide the grief he could not control, while the cause of so much sorrow sat unmoved, save as his lip curled in scorn at the blind superstition, as he called it, of those around him. The grey-haired pastor paused, ere he put aside the emblems of consecration, and fixing his keen eye on the face of the young man, slowly uttered the sweet invitation, "Lo every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat; yea come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price."

Then pausing a moment, as if to collect his scattered thoughts, he poured forth a soul-touching exordium. Young and old bowed together at the throne of grace, and the young apostate was then remembered, with earnest petition. As they passed from the place of prayer, the mother leaned upon the arm of her son, for, sinner as he was, the holy affections of home were untainted. And he shamed not to confess his deep affection for her, whose bosom had shielded him in infancy, as well as cherished him in more mature manhood.

The father paused not, till he stood within his own threshold. Hastening to his room, he threw himself upon the sofa, giving full

vent to the grief that had been pent up within his bursting bosom. The tears of men are terrible; and to see a strong spirit moved in agony is fearful. Anon the man triumphed, and recovering himself from his deep abandonment, he sent for his son to come to him.

The young man came with a proud step, but flushed brow. He had avoided the society of his father of late, as he feared to pain him by an avowal of his unholy sentiments, and yet was too manly to deny the doctrines he had espoused. The father gazed long and sadly on his son, as he said—"William, my son, my first born, thou hast shamed me this day in the house of my friends. One by one, have I seen thy brothers fall asleep, and I have still been comforted, as I saw thou wert spared to be the staff of my declining years. To-day, I have seen that hope perish—and I am left childless."

"O, say not so, my father! True, I cannot think with you, or bow in humility at a human altar; but, father, my heart is still free as in childhood, and holds as fond an attachment for friends and home."

"Son! son! In thy youth, aye! in thy very babyhood, these arms bore thee to the sacred font, and this heart prayed fervently that thou mightst prove a blessing to her who bore thee."

"And have I not been such? Does my mother complain? Are any of her commands unfulfilled? Or have I failed in those attentions a grateful son knows how to bestow, and a fond mother to appreciate?"

"Nay, my son; in outward act thou art all we could desire. But is thy faith pure? Are thy feet stayed upon the Rock of Ages? Are the pure principles of the gospel thy rule of action, or its glorious revelations the foundation of thy future hope?"

"Am I to be blamed, if I think much that is held by Christians fabulous, or their ceremonies all but folly? Should I not rather be pitted for it, as a misfortune, since those who love me weep over it as apostasy?"

"Apostasy! True, my son. Thou art an apostate from thy father's faith, and ere long wilt become an outcast, too; for I see within thee the workings of a spirit that spurns control, and will stop not till it hath laid the fair temple waste, that it hath the misfortune to inhabit. But, oh! my son, how can I give thee up? Here, on this holy day, call upon the name of the Lord, that peradventure the sins of thy thoughts may be forgiven thee."

"Spare me, father. I find not in myself

the fearful things so sternly reprobated. Why then reproach me with that which is not, but only feared as a thing that may be?"

"My son, the heart is deceitful above all things. Trust it not! If thy confidence in divine laws is shaken, how long canst thou submit to human jurisdiction? Thy frail bark is set loose on a tempestuous sea, and needs a firmer hand than thine to guide it. O, seek the sustaining grace of the Most High, and rest not till thy loftiest hopes are all centred upon the Rock Christ Jesus."

"I cannot heed thy counsel, much as I respect it. The faith I cherish, bids me cast aside the grovelling submission a fearful heart renders to its Creator. I can worship the Great I Am in his own temples, and in silent adoration, pour forth my desires to Him. But never can I bow at human altars, and take upon myself obligations I do not believe are even sanctioned by the Almighty?"

"Son, thou art fearfully deceived! I can only yield thee up to Him in whose hands are the hearts of the children of men. May His mercy incline thee to seek truth in sincerity. Go —, I cannot look on thee in peace. My spirit is well nigh broken. Yet, may the Lord lay not this sin to thy charge."

The young man passed out saddened, but not subdued. He had learned the cold philosophy of a vain world, and scorned the pure faith of his father. He, who had suffered the loss of earthly goods, that he might obtain the privileges of worshipping after the dictates of his own conscience, saw the child of his love departing from the faith, so dear to his own heart. Looking upon his son's wanderings as an evidence of his own insincerity, in presenting him a living sacrifice in his infancy, he shrank from the gaze of his fellow-men. Truly as he designed to train him for holiness, he felt fearful lest he had been deceived, lest he had mistaken self-confidence, for faith in the divine promises. Long and earnestly did that old man wrestle in prayer and Jacob-like, was ready to exclaim, "I cannot let thee go except thou bless me." If human agony avails aught, surely prayers like his must find answers of peace. But his faith was not sufficiently tried. He could not, like Abraham, bear his only son to the altar, and say with one of old, "The Lord gave, and taketh away." His heart clung too closely to its idol, and could not consent to let go its hold. Therefore, had his Heavenly Father seen fit to deal thus with him mercifully, de-

signing to manifest his ability to save to the uttermost, all who put their trust in him. Year after year passed on; and as the father had declared, the bonds of social brotherhood hung but loosely upon his son. Step by step had he sunk in the scale of being, till he stood a blighted and a loathsome thing. In his more honorable days, he had won a young and trusting heart to confide its joys and sorrows to his keeping; and though lost to almost every other consideration, his voice still broke kindly upon the ear of his devoted wife. True, he left her, to pass long nights in loneliness and sorrow, but his return was never marked by those outbursts of passion the guilty and self-condemned are wont to indulge in. Woman-like, she clung with tenfold devotion to her erring husband. She pressed his young image more closely to her bosom in his absence, and prayed with deeper fervor, that a better spirit might descend upon him. The father ceased to hope, but the mother's heart, true to the last, trusted on. "He hath been consecrated at the altar," said she, and her unwavering faith led her to confide in the never-failing promise. During one of his many wanderings from his family, his boy fell ill. The stricken mother watched in sleepless love beside his bed. Her husband had never been so long absent; and worst of all, she knew not where a message would find him. The aged grandparents sought to comfort the poor stricken mother; but, ah! the cause of her deep agony, they remembered, was their only, and still well-beloved son.

The mother held the hand of her little one, as she marked meanwhile his breath growing shorter. Now and then he would open his dull eyes, and try to smile, then close them again, as though the effort were painful.

Nothing was heard save the slow ticking of the watch, telling with a strangely fearful power, that the hour of dissolution was drawing nigh.

The pale light of the night-lamp in the chimney-corner caused the furniture in the room to throw huge and uncouth figures over the wall. All was visionary. The shadowy ministers of the tomb seemed gathering round, as if waiting the duties of the hour appointed them.

The approach of death has so much that is exalting mingled with its fearfulness, that grief is frequently for the time forgotten; and the solemn exaltation the good experience, even at sight of the dying, makes them in the

depth of their sorrow to become calm. A livid hue passed over the face of the pale sufferer, and as his mother stooped to catch his faint whisper, she heard him say, "Father, father, do come! Look! here is mother waiting, and grandpa has found the place!—do come, father; I want to hear you read!" As though the whisper of the boy was armed with the spirit of prophecy, the request was complied with. The door flew open, and the father rushed to the bedside of his dying son. In the midst of his unholy revels, he had heard of the illness of his boy, and without delay, hastened to his too long forsaken family.

The wretched man writhed in agony; conscience, so long hushed, was doing its work, and the fearful catalogue of his crimes rose in terrible array before him. Fancy pictured the days of his youth. Memory had treasured the earnest pleadings of his father, as, long years before, he had in that same room pleaded with him to forsake the course he too plainly saw would only end in ruin. Each word was burned upon his guilty soul, as with a red-hot iron. His only resource was the utter prostration of his soul before his Maker; but to Him he dared not come. Alone in his grief, as he had been in his sins, he could not claim human sympathy; and dared not ask for divine aid or consolation.

The poor sick child, as if conscious of his father's presence, stretched out his shrunken hands, and begged to lie for a moment on his bosom.

Removing him gently, he pressed him to his heart, murmuring words of soothing, that sounded strangely on the ears of his listeners. Weak as his boy was, he half sang his evening lullaby, as had been his wont when, in happier days, he had reclined on his mother's breast. Then, as if inspired by a sudden thought, he turned his eyes upon his father, saying, "'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' Do you know those sweet words were spoken by our Saviour, father? I am going to Him; and mother says I will be one of the lambs in His fold. Won't you come, father, and then there will be one fold, and one Shepherd."

"Bless you, my son," said the aged grandfather; "he cannot resist such pleading; and may be our William will yet be won to the faith of God's people."

"Said I not so, father!" exclaimed the weeping wife, as she threw her arms about

the neck of her husband. "Said I not so, and is not the blessing cheaply purchased, though it cost the life of our darling?"

"Can there be hope for such as I am? O, no, no, no; 'tis only for curses that such as I can look; but, oh, God! visit not my sins on this young lamb," said the distracted father.

"'Tis a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief," whispered the hoping wife, as she sought to comfort her too deeply desponding husband; but words of comfort fell unheeded upon him. His thoughts were within, and truly God was dealing with him. Before the day dawned, the spirit of the child had taken its flight to a better land. Its pinions were well plumed for its heavenly soaring, and its voice attuned to celestial melody. The mournful preparations for depositing the last remains in the house appointed for all the living, were soon made.

The father assisted in silence. His inward communings were too deep for expression. He moved among his friends like one whose spirit had forgotten its natural functions. When the corpse was borne to the village church, multitudes swelled the solemn procession. Expectation was excited, but what was to occur they knew not. The bearers paused a moment ere they deposited their burden before the altar. The murmurs passed up the aisle, and placed themselves beside the coffin. The solemn service ended, the body was borne out to its last resting place. The sexton began to mingle ashes to ashes, when, by a word of the father, his labors were stayed. Removing his hat, which had closely shaded his pale brow, he said, "We have come to witness a common ceremony. Death is no unusual thing. One and another have been called hence, and we have paid the last offices to their silent remains. The living have learned from them the lesson of their own mortality, and have gone forth to the world determined to set their house in order, that they too may pass away in peace. To most of you, my early history is not unknown; I have mingled with you in the sports of boyhood, and shared with you in the more active pursuits of life. To-day the memory of the past is upon you, and you have come to see how an apostate can sustain himself under the smittings of the Almighty. You know my proud refusal to fulfil my baptismal obligations, and doubtless regard this stroke as an

evidence of heaven's anger, at the impious withholding of its lawful sacrifices.

"This seeming stroke of judgment, however, bears to me the garb of mercy. From it I learn the truth of the sacred promise to preserve the children of the just. Yonder old man, my father, whose heart I have well nigh broken, early consecrated me, as ye are living witnesses, at the sacred altar. The thought that I was not my own but the Lord's, was constantly impressed upon me, and to this my proud heart rebelled. I could not bear that a human ordinance should bind me, only so far as my own will had been consulted. Hence my refusal to join you the day of your consecration.

"From the indulgence of such unholy thoughts, have come the sins that have so fearfully beset me. The past few days of sorrow have been spent in bitter communings with my own spirit; and I trust I have learned to bow to the God of my father. Here, before you all, I confess my guilt, and ask forgiveness for the same. To her who hath borne with patience, and untiring love, the unkindness of one who promised to love and cherish her—"

"Nay, husband," said the sobbing wife, "whatever else thou hast been, thou wert never unkind."

"Well, Mary, since thou canst so freely forgive, I may surely hope the same from those who have suffered much less from me. From henceforth let us live as becomes neighbors, and by God's grace I trust to redeem my right to be considered as such." The sexton's task was resumed, and each shovel full of earth, as it rattled upon the coffin, echoed back the monitions of the grave. The wife clung with despairing strength to the arm of her penitent husband, as each rude sound grated upon her ears. The darling she had sheltered in her bosom, through years of loneliness, was thus rudely buried out of her sight, yet from his ashes, a fire had been kindled in her husband's heart, that she undoubtingly trusted, would burn on, till its brilliancy should find itself eclipsed only by the pure flame that burns for ever on a heavenly altar. Nor was her faith vain. Years afterwards, as her now penitent husband bore his offspring to the same altar that had witnessed his own vows, he inwardly prayed his remaining ones might be shielded from the temptations that beset his own path, and their faith sealed at a less fearful sacrifice.

"How much Henry resembles his dead brother, Mary; have you ever observed it?"

"Yes, husband, often, and sometimes I fancy 'tis his spirit restored to us in another house of clay."

"Does your heart ever reproach me for being the cause of so much sorrow to the poor lad?"

"Reproach thee. No; I daily bless our Heavenly Father, that the sweet boy was taken from us. As for thy being a cause of

sorrow, it is not so. Did not his heart turn to thee even in his last agony? and was not his last word that of undying love?"

"Even so, Mary, God grant his last prayer may be granted. So we shall all be gathered in one fold, cared for by one Shepherd."

Let the hearts of believers be comforted. Learn from this that faith will eventually triumph, though the gates of darkness array themselves against it.

THE BOUQUET.

THE prettily entwin'd bouquet,
With floral voice speaks to the gay,
As in the giddy dance they move,
And every word is full of love.

Not love that wastes itself in breath,
But true and lasting, e'en to death;
Far different from the empty word
In fashion's walk so often heard.

If you would hear, ye ladies gay,
What the bouquet to you doth say,
A kind interpreter I'll be,
Without enjoining secrecy.

Then hear the flower "Forget-me-not,—"
Perhaps till now you ne'er have thought
It many times hath uttered loud,
When you have mingled with the crowd:—

"I ask that you'll remember well
The words that I am bid to tell;
My Maker, God, in me you see,
'Tis he who cries, 'Remember me!'"

The Rose-bud, also, says to you,
As life's brief journey you pursue:
"Like me, before the time of bloom,
You may be hurried to the tomb."

'Tis thus the fragrant flowers speak
In lovely accents to the meek;
Forget not, then, ye ladies gay,
What they so sweetly to you say.

AN AFTERNOON ON THE ANAPUS.

READER, have you not heard of the River Anapus? Does not its very name call up the associations of earlier and more classic days? I can assure you that there is much of interest about this ancient stream, which remains unchanged, while all around has passed through sad mutations; leaving little evidence of the splendor which once adorned its banks and made it celebrated. It will be remembered that nature produced on the shores of this sluggish current, the "Papyrus," which, in ancient days, filled the place now better occupied by those numerous paper manufactories, which are the life of several flourishing New England villages. To this interesting spot I propose to conduct you during my ramble of a single afternoon, and the blame is surely mine, if you do not find much to interest you.

Leaving the "Locanda del Sole," we emerge into a narrow street, which never knew a sidewalk, presenting to the view as few comforts as we have left within the walls of our hotel. Before we proceed, our home—if an Italian "Albergo" may be called by so comfortable a name—deserves a passing notice. Its exterior would promise something better than Italian fare. It once furnished all the comforts of the island, until Neapolitan legislation drove from the town its only profitable customers. Owing to the foolish jealousies of the authorities, the American Squadron removed their wintering station to Port Mahon, and left this place to its squalid inhabitants; save when a traveller like us is ready to encounter a ride of forty miles under a Sicilian sky, upon the back of an ambling mule. Having pressed our way through the group of beggars, which never fail to beset us, and passed through several streets, too narrow to admit the passage of a donkey with panniers of wood, we arrive at the opening by the gate. Let us stop, and observe a few of those peculiarities which remind one that he is in a foreign country. See yonder that circle of laughing girls, who, with flowing tresses and careless attire, are dancing around a companion, who produces music wild and strangely sweet, from the simple tambourine. The crowd of Muleteers, "Cicerones," and common people, are dressed in a sort of outside shirt, of a light blue color, while their heads are covered with a white

cap, ornamented with a tassel of the same color, like those worn by the country school-boys at home. Donkeys with various burdens, children of all ages, and beggars of both sexes, soldiers with their muskets, priests in their three-cornered hats, and friars with their shaved heads, cowl, and cord, complete the picture.

We have passed the river-gate with its sentinels armed to the teeth, its quadruple walls, its drawbridges, and its moats—as if any nation desired to assault its feeble fortress, and have reached the shore of the Bay of Syracuse. What a noble bay? How beautiful appear the shores of Calabria in the distance? In the still further distance, we see the dim outlines of the island of Malta, and trace in imagination the course by which St. Paul landed near this very spot. But our "Cicerone" of the morning calls, "Signor, andiamo"—let us go. These boats remind us, by contrast, of the beautiful models at Whitehall, while the cadaverous, but sun-burnt countenances, and the bright black eyes of our boatmen, tell of a tropical sky, and a miasmatical atmosphere.

The crowd of idlers are left behind, and we are passing along the city wall. "But stay, boatmen, what is this?" The waters have suddenly become as pure as if poured from our own Horicon's sacred lake, and our boat appears to be suspended in an element that disdains to mingle with the brackish, darkened waters of the bay. Our guide, accustomed to see this spot attract the attention of strangers, cries out, "Signor, ecco la Fontana dell' Arethusa." The classical reader will remember that the story of this stream runs thus. The nymph Arethusa had such exquisite beauty, that divine honors were paid her. While bathing in the river, Alpheus, the river-god, became enamored of her, when Diana, in pity, changed her into a fountain. Alpheus at once mingled his waters with hers, when the patron goddess opened a passage through the earth, and the pursued fountain, passing sea and land, rose up in Ortygia—now Syracuse. The Anapus, the object of our present excursion, is the gallant Alpheus, and fable says, that its waters cross this wide bay, unmingled with its briny flood, to meet these crystal waters. Modern improvements have destroyed much of the romance of this place.

There are places too sacred for modern structures. As I saw this historic fount cramped in and concealed, its pure waters forcing themselves through a crevice in the wall, I would have restored it to its ancient freedom. I would have driven from its silver stream those unpoetical nymphs of the wash-tub, who thus defile its waters, and encumber its banks, that nothing might mar the delightful associations it awakens. Thus have I seen a beautiful glen in our own country defiled by a saw-mill or a carding-mill, and with the same feelings, I found myself born along the base of Vesuvius by a locomotive, at the rate of twenty miles per hour, the road being graded through ancient towns and buried cities, destroying ancient land-marks, with the recklessness of an American speculator.

But we may not tarry here. We have left the walls, and are standing out into the bay, with a fair wind, under a Sicilian lugger sail. Our boatmen are a good specimen of Sicilian ignorance and superstition. Though poorly clad and ill fed, there is seen in them the pride of country, and the devotion to priestly exactions, which characterizes the inhabitants of this island. Seeing them look wistfully at our lunch, which we, for the first time, found leisure to eat, I offered some to them. It was refused, with the reply, that this was the second day of their *weekly fast*. I asked, may not those eat who must work? They replied no, unless they can *buy permission*. In these enfeebling fasts and countless holidays are seen a reason for the poverty of this island, once the granary of the world.

We have crossed the bay, and entered the broad mouth of the Anapus; our sail is lowered, and the oars have taken its place. The banks are low, and the stream narrows as it winds up the valley: the stream still narrows, and is so filled with floating weeds, that our boatmen are towing us along from the banks.

We have before us several hours of light, and must not pass this interesting little stream, which flows so purely into this clogged stream; it comes from "Fonte Cyane," or, in modern language, "Fontana Pisma," a spring two hundred and fifty feet in circumference and forty feet deep. This is the passage that the infernal Pluto is said to have made for himself, when he carried off the beautiful Proserpine, who was gathering flowers in these fields. But there are mythological stories connected with every feeling of this vicinage. We are

now surrounded by brakes of bamboo, and the overtowering papyrus. This plant, which forms the great attraction to this spot, is from eight to twenty feet high. It has a stock of triangular shape, tapering from four or five inches to a point. The top is surmounted by a plume, like the feather of a peacock. This looks as little like paper as a heap of rags, or a pile of tarred ropes, or a bale of cotton. Our landlord, Politi, showed us a piece of rude paper, this morning prepared by himself, from this plant, which enables me to conceive that a tolerable article might be prepared from the slices of the triangular stock.

On yonder hill is the ruin of "Olympia." A visit to it will make a good termination of our jaunt. We must reach it before sun-set. The hill is reached, and as we stand upon this fallen capital, and view the setting sun, we are reminded of the sinking of this portion of the Roman Empire into such a fearful oblivion. See those columns standing in all their majesty, but in dread loneliness. I see by the guide-book, they are thirty feet high, and eighteen feet in circumference, seventy feet apart, and stand on bases ten feet square. What a gigantic temple completed with such proportions! It requires little imagination, standing on this elevation, to re-people these plains, to rebuild this immense pile, to return to it the splendid statue of Jupiter, covered with a mantle of wrought gold, erected by Hiero II., and despoiled by Dionysius, and to bring again the thousand of votaries that came up to this shrine to pay homage to imaginary deities. We have no time to tarry, a mile must be traversed, that weedy river rowed through, a wide bay crossed, with hunger and fatigue to destroy the romance of the adventure. Well! the bay is sailed over, the quay, with its crowd of idlers, much diminished by the approaching darkness, is fairly reached. We are fortunate indeed in finding the city gates open, for, were they once closed, no interest would be sufficient to open them until daylight. Such a day as this renders sweet even the hard fare of a Sicilian hotel, which consists of bread, in the shape of a biscuit, and as hard as a paving-stone, butter of goat's milk, macaroni, miserably cooked, and olive oil. But I will not trouble the reader further with personal adventures, but leave him with the assurance that a visit to this country will repay all the toil of such an undertaking.

J. H. C.

PARLOR TABLE.

CHRISTIAN PARLOR MAGAZINE—BOUND VOLUME.—With this number we close the third volume of this Magazine. The bound volume will be ready in a few days, and will make one of the most attractive volumes of the season. It has been the constant aim of the Editor to adhere to his pledges at the commencement of the work. Of the fidelity with which this object has been accomplished our readers must determine. We have been much gratified with the numerous testimonials of approbation, not only from the press and private individuals, but from its patronage by the Christian community.

With this volume we also close our labors with the Christian Parlor Magazine. We retire from this field of labor with our hearty thanks to all our patrons, and for past favors from our friends and associates in the literary world. The work will hereafter be edited by Rev. J. T. Headley, whose articles have often appeared in the past volumes, and whose deserved popularity as an author will give to the public a guarantee of its future success. Our friends will hereafter find us in the Editorial department of the Home Magazine and Fireside Reader.

SHANTY THE BLACKSMITH, a tale of other times, from the pen of Mrs. Sherwood, we read years ago with pleasure; and we perceive that J. S. Taylor has now issued a new and very neat edition of it. It will be very popular with the young, and so will another little volume which the same publisher has just issued from the same author. *The Lily of the Valley* is a sweet story, that teaches the loveliness of modest worth in language that fascinates, while the sentiment sinks into the heart.

One of the best books on the Inspiration of the Scriptures that we have ever read, is a work by GAUSSEN, a distinguished Theological Professor of Geneva, written with the vigor of a strong man, and adorned with an eloquence of diction which commands the admiration of the reader. Some extracts from it have been republished in newspapers as part of the current literature of the day, and no one can rise from a perusal of the volume without a higher appreciation of the truth, and a lofty conception of the beauty and purity of the Bible. The work is translated by the Rev. E. N. Kirk of Boston, and published by J. S. Taylor, New York.

THE GREAT COMMANDMENT, by Mrs. Fry, the author of "The Listener," has recently been published by M. W. Dodd, a volume of great excellence for the purity and elevation of its moral sentiment, inculcating the law of love in the most simple and striking form, while the force of the

divine law and the nature of the Christian duty are urged in such terms as reach the conscience and make a deep impression on the heart. Mrs. Fry's books are in a high degree worthy of being circulated.

TALES AND ILLUSTRATIONS, by Charlotte Elizabeth, form a handsome Juvenile, a new edition of which has just been issued by J. S. Taylor. The gifted writer has rested from her labors and her sorrows, but her works will live, and be a lasting blessing to the home of thousands who will cherish her memory, and admire her genius and spirit.

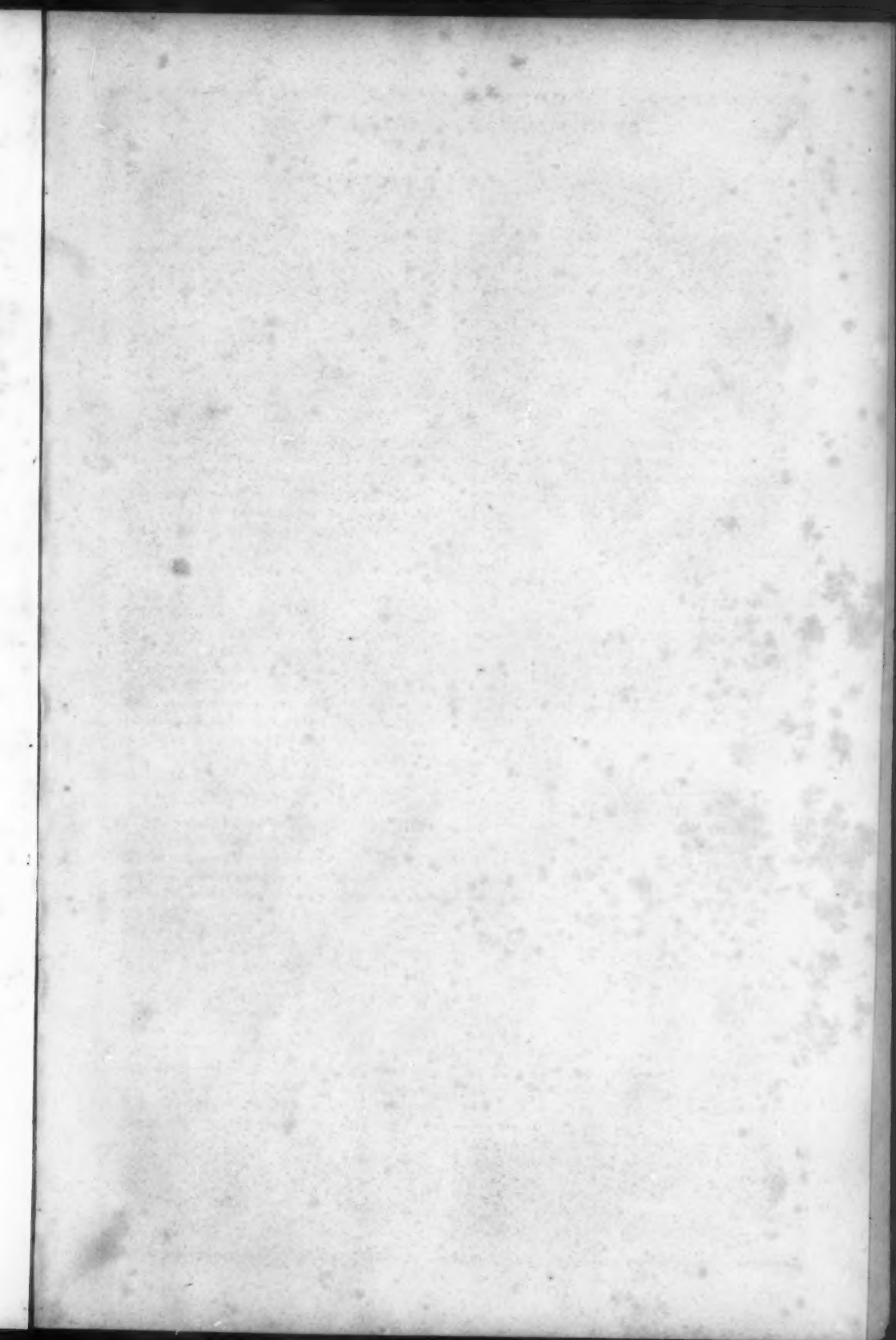
THE GENIUS OF SCOTLAND, by Turnbull, published by Carter, is a charming book; abounding in passages of singular beauty and interest, illustrating the scenery, the literature, and religion of old Scotia's hills, and glens, and dales.

THE SACRED MOUNTAINS, by J. T. Headley. This volume has had a wide popularity and great sale. The publishers [Baker & Scribner] have now issued an edition in handsome dress, but at a reduced price, that it may reach multitudes who were prevented from purchasing the costly editions which have appeared before. The readers of this Magazine have had the means of knowing that Mr. Headley has no superior among us in elegant, descriptive composition, and those sublime themes of Scripture furnish the finest field for the display of his graphic powers.

The Harpers have lately issued the *Orations of Edward Everett*, forming a volume of great value and interest to every scholar. The writer reveals a store of classical and scientific knowledge that marks the close and laborious student, while the flow of his diction, the finished beauty of his periods, and the fertility of his illustration, are the features of the ripe and elegant scholar. The volume is a study for all young men.

THE LORD'S PRAYER, by A. Bonnet, author of the *Family of Bethany*, and published by Carter, is a book that the young and old will study with profit and pleasure. It leads the soul out in devout meditations on the wonderful subjects of petition embraced in that form of prayer which Christ taught his disciples, and introduces it into high and holy communion with him who hears his children when they cry.

As the season opens, the pressure of new books upon the table becomes heavy, and our limits forbid even a passing notice of many that justly deserve attention.





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